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FUNERAL OF THE ROYAL DEAD.

YESTERDAY'S SCENES IN THE STREETS OF LISBON.

THE YOUNG KING MANUEL IN TEARS.

TO-DAY'S MEMORIAL SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The funeral of the murdered King and Crown Prince of Portugal took place in Lisbon yesterday, and was a sombre and impressive function. From an early hour great crowds had taken up positions along the route of the Royal procession. The Ministerial offices, which are all situated on the Praca do Commercio, were closed, and, as a measure of precaution, all the windows were carefully shuttered. The point where the murderers were committed was occupied by a cavalry picket, but no attempt was made by anyone to secure a position there. This was partly due to the orders of the police, and partly to a feeling of superstition. In fact, were it not for the soldiers the place would have been deserted.

A Distressing Moment.
The services were held in the chapel of the Necessidades Palace, where throughout the morning Masses were said by the Primate of Lisbon, assisted by the members of the Catholic clergy. Before the funeral there was a pathetic scene in the chapel where the bodies of the murdered King and Crown Prince lay, unable by the custom of the country, to attend the funeral of his father the young King Manuel paid a final visit to the coffins to take the last fond look. His Majesty completely broke down, and, weeping bitterly, was led away by his mother, Queen Amelia, who had accompanied him, and who was herself deeply affected.

Imposing Procession.
Describing the funeral procession Reuters correspondent says:—The members of the Royal Family having retired to the Palace, the procession started at half-past eleven on its long route to the Church of Sao Vicente. Cavalry headed the cortege, then came a number of guilds and societies from all parts of Portugal, who were followed by judges in robes, and a number of members of the Royal household, and finally, closing the cortege, the Royal guards, other soldiers, and sailors. The streets were crowded with spectators, wearing mourning for the most part, who respectfully bowed their heads as the procession passed. It was half-past two when the procession reached the Church of Sao Vicente, the only incident along the long route having been the collapse of a roof full of spectators, several of whom were injured. The coffins were taken down from the eaves and taken into the church amid the firing of salutes, to which the British and Spanish crumiers in the harbour responded. The ceremony in the church was attended by the officers of the British crumiers.

Sympathetic Spectators.
Each hearse was heavily draped with black and drawn by eight horses with funeral trappings, while the favourite horses of the King and his son followed the hearse. After tea had been served to the members of the Royal household, and finally, closing the cortege, the Royal guards, other soldiers, and sailors. The streets were crowded with spectators, wearing mourning for the most part, who respectfully bowed their heads as the procession passed. It was half-past two when the procession reached the Church of Sao Vicente, the only incident along the long route having been the collapse of a roof full of spectators, several of whom were injured. The coffins were taken down from the eaves and taken into the church amid the firing of salutes, to which the British and Spanish crumiers in the harbour responded. The ceremony in the church was attended by the officers of the British crumiers.

THE REQUIEM MASS.

KING EDWARD AND THE QUEEN AT AN IMPRESSIVE SERVICE.
A solemn requiem mass for the late King and Crown Prince of Portugal was celebrated at the Roman Catholic Church of St. James, Spanish-place, yesterday. It was a most impressive ceremony, accompanied by all the ceremonial which the Roman Catholic Church ordains for such occasions. Their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra and their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales attended, as did other members of the Royal Family, and the church was filled with members of the British Household, the Diplomatic Corps, and other distinguished persons whose brilliant uniforms made the interior of the church a mass of colour. The King wore the uniform of a Portuguese colonel, and the Queen, who, like Princess Victoria, was in Prince and Princess of Wales, was in mourning, wore the ribbon of a Portuguese Order over her shoulder. The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived before their

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VON VELTHEIM.

TRIAL AT OLD BAILEY.

BLACKMAILING CHARGES.

SENSATIONAL LETTERS TO MR. JOEL.

The first court of the Central Criminal Court was crowded yesterday when the trial was begun, before Justice Phillimore and a jury of 12. Von Veltheim, 40, of 27, Strand, was charged with the blackmailing of Mr. Joel, a well-known actor, with letters threatening to expose his private life. The letters, which were found in the house of the accused, were dated from 10 to 12, Austin Friars. The letters, the subject of the charge, were received on June 11 by Mr. Joel. He bore the postmark of Chelsea, of May 27. There was no other address on the letter. Mr. Joel had only been in prison on one occasion, and that was when he gave evidence against Veltheim when on trial at Johannesburg for the murder of his (Mr. Joel's) brother. The only other experience that prosecutor had had of the prisoner was the receipt of a number



FRANZ VON VELTHEIM.

of letters, sent in February, 1897, and 1898, demanding money from him, with threats, with the threat either to murder him or his brother.

Letters Signed "Kismet."
Mr. Joel did not pretend that the writer of these letters was other than a blackmailer. The first of these letters was dated Feb. 12, 1898, and contained the following:—
I must have £1,000 at once or face ruin and disgrace. But if my race is run on shall hours be on the word of a man who foretold was too late. In a word, you shall find the money on your way to the gallows. I am, of course, your obedient servant, Kismet.

Continuing, Mr. Gill said the letter was signed as the others were "Kismet." Prisoner had not denied the authorship of the letters. He admitted it when he was arrested. This was only effected with some difficulty, as prisoner never gave any address but Antwerp at the time, but before his arrest he wrote a second letter, dated in July from St. Petersburg, and dragged it to Mr. Joel's house at Newmarket, where Mr. Joel was.

A Demand for £15,000.
This letter contained a copy of the letter of June 11, and Mr. Joel was again invited to say if he regretted the past, and realised the importance of acting before it was too late. He said a man would call for his decision, but that the man knew nothing about the letters. Accordingly the following letter was received in due course:—
Sir, I beg to inform you that Mr. Von Veltheim has handed me a draft on you payable at sight for £15,000, which, he says, you would prefer to be presented direct rather than through the bank. As I have no time to spare, I will enclose the following days I wish you would let me know when and where you would like the bill presented.

How Arrest was Effected.
Mr. Du Millar said prisoner stated to him that if the bill was not met he would present it personally, no matter what the consequences might be. The bill was duly executed. Mr. Du Millar was followed back to Antwerp, and then the police found that prisoner had been staying there. The police traced prisoner to Paris, and on Sept. 19 he was arrested.—In conclusion, Mr. Gill said the only question for the jury was as to whether the letter in question contained the threats indicated in the charge.

DRUCE CIVIL ACTION.
It is stated that the appeal against the dismissal by Master Bonner of the civil action which was to be brought by Mr. G. H. Druce for possession of the Howard de Walden estates has been set down for hearing before a judge in chambers to-morrow. In the event of the case being carried to the Appeal Court the hearing will take place in public.

RUSSIAN PLOT.

17 BOMBS IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

The Central News St. Petersburg correspondent, telegraphing last night, says:—That the starting of the Russian Imperial Family were not entirely without foundation, may now be definitely stated. I am able to give the following details regarding the discovery of a plot to assassinate the Emperor and Empress, which was started in the Imperial Palace. A fortnight ago the Empress, entering the room in which the infant Czar vitch was, was startled to find a letter lying on the bed. An examination showed that the document was a Terrorist "death sentence," similar to the missives which have recently been mysteriously delivered to the marked out for assassination. It intimated that the Czar vitch was doomed, and could no longer escape his destiny. The fate of the Czar also, it was declared, was sealed.

Network of Wires.
Detectives were called in, and a thorough search was made, the sequel being a discovery of a sensational character. A network of electric wires, concealed in the most ingenious manner, was found, and these being traced along their courses, proved to be connected with no fewer than 17 powerful bombs. They had been placed at widely distant spots in the palace, and a hidden operator, by simply pushing an electric button in accordance with information supplied to him by his accomplices, would have been able to wreck any given section of the building, or even the entire palace. One thing has been clearly demonstrated, viz., that the Terrorists have accomplished what they have not hitherto among the Imperial Family, the members of which have hitherto been considered in some danger until the identity of these accomplices has been discovered. An official contradiction of the above story may be expected, but the facts were narrated to me by an informant upon whom the greatest reliance may be placed.

FIGHTING IN MOROCCO.

UNCONQUERED TRIBES ATTACK FRENCH CAMP.

Paris, Saturday.—A message received by wireless telegraphy at the Eiffel Tower this morning, from Admiral Philbert, states that the camp of El Mekki, where the troops of Gen. d'Amade were bivouacking, was attacked by a band composed of contingents from the unconquered tribes of Zambou, Modaka, Ued Sand, Bouzou, and Bou Hadou, with three thousand men. The French troops pursued the enemy as far as Settat, where they entered and found the place in ruins. The general did not wish to honour at Settat, as this would involve the extension of his field of operations. The French lost three men killed, and 11 wounded. The troops then drove the enemy and captured the place. The enemy showed less dash than in the preceding engagements. Gen. d'Amade returned to El Mekki with his troops at midnight.—Reuters.

FORECASTS OF THE WEATHER.

FOR THE 24 HOURS ENDING MIDNIGHT (SUNDAY).

	1. SCOTLAND, N.	2. SCOTLAND, E.	3. ENGLAND, N.W.	4. ENGLAND, S.W.	5. IRELAND, N.	6. IRELAND, S.
North-westerly wind, backing into fresh in places, changeable, some rain, most in north and north-easterly.	Light or moderate with west-north-west and west, some rain in places, but colder during day.	Same as Nos. 3 and 4.	Light or moderate with west-north-west and west, some rain in places, but colder during day.	Light or moderate with west-north-west and west, some rain in places, but colder during day.	Light or moderate with west-north-west and west, some rain in places, but colder during day.	Light or moderate with west-north-west and west, some rain in places, but colder during day.

SUN (Rises) 7.30 a.m. (Sets) 10.50 a.m. MOON (Rises) 4.50 p.m. (Sets) 9.30 p.m. Lighting-up time for vehicles, 5.50 p.m.

TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

	LONDON (LIME) (TIDE) HULL	SWANSEA (LIME) (TIDE) SWANSEA	SWANSEA (LIME) (TIDE) SWANSEA	SWANSEA (LIME) (TIDE) SWANSEA	SWANSEA (LIME) (TIDE) SWANSEA	SWANSEA (LIME) (TIDE) SWANSEA
1	6.55	7.19	4.12	4.34	0.11	17.11
2	6.55	7.19	4.12	4.34	0.11	17.11
3	6.55	7.19	4.12	4.34	0.11	17.11
4	6.55	7.19	4.12	4.34	0.11	17.11
5	6.55	7.19	4.12	4.34	0.11	17.11
6	6.55	7.19	4.12	4.34	0.11	17.11
7	6.55	7.19	4.12	4.34	0.11	17.11
8	6.55	7.19	4.12	4.34	0.11	17.11
9	6.55	7.19	4.12	4.34	0.11	17.11
10	6.55	7.19	4.12	4.34	0.11	17.11
11	6.55	7.19	4.12	4.34	0.11	17.11
12	6.55	7.19	4.12	4.34	0.11	17.11

HER SPLENDID SIN.

By HEADON HILL.

Author of "Unmasked at Last," "Her Grace at Bay," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.
NOCTURNAL VISITORS.

After her father and Andreas had departed, Judy turned hard to shake off the sense of impending danger that oppressed her. She went into the study and sat down at her desk, and then, looking out of the window, she saw a light at the side of the bank, was doing her best to raise her lover's spirits. Once or twice as the quick sympathy of the wind-blower's daughter perceived their efforts to be brave, almost there, I was only afraid that that wild-eyed night hawk and draw up the ladder, "came in a hotel way," and looked her remarks to trivial details relating to the comfort of the invalid.

The day was dull and depressing, with a lowering sky, and a cold breeze blowing across the low landscape of sand that separated the beach from the sea. Judy was not troubled with nerves in the ordinary sense, but doubtless the weather was not without its influence on her mood, and by the time the shadows began to lengthen from the dunes across the sluggish waters, she had worked herself into a state of tension, which would have found vent in any sort, however perilous, a greater relief than waiting for something she could neither see nor hear, but which instinct told her was either in point of time or distance very near at hand.

Here was a man, an apprehensive, half-crazed, impatient of the infantry soldier formed up in hollow square to receive cavalry—when the cavalry lighted up a charge. The mental attitude of the men on the ground towards the men on the horse at such exasperating moments, and he did not know the feeling of Judy Holt with regard to Reynell as the long hours passed, and neither by land or water did any human being approach the hulk.

The fitting figure, which in the morning Black Dick had thought to identify as Nick Sturman, did not appear again.

When dusk, and finally utter darkness, had swooped upon the dark bosom of the creek and upon its sandy shores Judy could not remain a minute at a time in the cosy, lamp-lit interior of her improvised kitchen, but for the rest part kept restlessly pacing the deck at the waist of the vessel. She did not expect her father and Andreas home just yet, for she knew that they had a long round that day, but she wanted to hear the first sounds of them when they did come—or of any one else. She was strangely restful, as if she were waiting for the return of her two stalwart defenders and the security it implied, and, on the other hand, disappointment that nothing had happened during their absence.

At about eight o'clock Lesbia came out of the cuddy and joined her, announcing that Leonard was sleeping. The two girls had grown very fond of each other in the last days of their journey, and a trustful confidence, the other by an almost maternal instinct of protection for a weaker fellow-creature in distress.

"Mr. Wynter is getting on fine," said Judy, as they turned and paced the deck together. "In a few days he will be able to walk." "Yes," said Lesbia, "and then we shall both have to go away from this peaceful spot and face the world in our separate ways. And I shall have to decide whether it is my duty to confess myself guilty of Inman Daubeny's death."

"You'll never do that," put in Judy quickly. "You've promised, mind."

"Only not to give myself up without letting Lenny know," said Lesbia. "To a great extent it must depend on whether Reynell has been able to trace and secure the treasure by means of that paper. If I find that I am still an obstacle—practically an instrument of blackmail—to the attainment of Captain Wynter's quest, I shall consider that it is my duty to surrender and cut the ground from under that villain's feet. And the one may be that other and stronger motive to induce me to do so," the girl added with a catch in her voice.

"To save yourself from being bullied into marrying Reynell? Well, if there was no other way of escaping that alternative I don't know if you wouldn't be choosing the best one—even if they hanged you, which they wouldn't," said Judy scornfully. "But something tells me that Reynell hasn't got the treasure yet. Without it he isn't the kind of man to want to be bedridden with a wife."

"I have thought," said Lesbia simply. "And there is another chance for me. In striving to get his wicked grasp on this wealth that does not belong to him he may commit some fresh act that may put him more at the mercy of the law than I am myself—so that he would have to fly, I mean."

Judy was thinking that if some such act were committed by the two women and the helpless man in the cabin might be the victim of it, when she came to a sudden halt, laying her hand on Lesbia's arm.

"Hark!" she whispered. "Not a word out loud. There is some one creeping along the shore—two people, I think."

"Will it not be your father and Mr. Voordam?" whispered Lesbia under her breath.

"They are not due yet. Stand quite still."

The night was as black as pitch. An impenetrable wall of darkness enveloped the hulk in every side, leaving everything on land and water in the limited circle of the gentle glow that came from the lamp in the cuddy was it possible to distinguish any object from the gloomy gloom. But though eyes were useless the breeze had died away at midnight and the slightest sound was audible in the stagnant, salt-laden air. Judy drew her companion to the bulwarks, well away from the lamp's

dull glimmer, and continued to command silence by a firm pressure on Lesbia's wrist.

At first Judy herself, intently as she was listening, heard no repetition of the sounds that had aroused her vigilance. Nothing but the soft glugging of the tide broke the absolute stillness round her, though both girls thought that the beating of their hearts must be audible a mile away. Then, suddenly, quite close to the hulk, some one coughed.

"I don't see it, now, we're almost there. I was only afraid that that wild-eyed night hawk and draw up the ladder," came in a hotel way, and looked her remarks to trivial details relating to the comfort of the invalid.

The next instant the soft radiance



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of an electric torch shone upon the ladder that gave access to the gangway, and two men quickly sealed the deck. That they knew what they wanted and expected no formidable opposition was apparent from their omission to flash their electric torch round the deck. The shorter of the two leading the way, they walked straight into the cuddy.

"It's Reynell—and another," murmured Lesbia, clasping the strong arm of the other girl.

"Yes, dear, be brave and leave it to me," whispered Judy, and without more ado followed into the cuddy, where Reynell and Bartlett were staring curiously about them. Lesbia, even at that supreme moment, noticed that the herculean stranger never allowed his eyes to stray for more than a few seconds from his associate's face, thoroughly as he appeared to be assimilating every detail of the homely apartment.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Reynell, affecting a start of surprise as the girls entered. "So this is where our charming Lesbia has sought refuge—to the desolation of her affectionate uncle and of her devoted admirer. I shall have a few words to say to you presently, when my friend and I have transacted our business. Ah, good evening, Miss Holt. Forgive me for, in the delight of finding our stray lamb, not paying my respects to our gentle hostess first. You are not looking quite so blooming as usual to-night."

In all truth Judy had gone very pale, realising how completely they were at the mercy of the two invaders. She searched Bartlett's impassive face in vain for any trace of pity or of many weakness that she could play upon. In one shrewd guess she hit upon the truth—that he had been brought by Reynell as a body-guard, because of his size and strength.

"You coward!" she said. "I suppose you were afraid that I should throw you into the creek if you came out letting Lenny know," said Lesbia. "To a great extent it must depend on whether Reynell has been able to trace and secure the treasure by means of that paper. If I find that I am still an obstacle—practically an instrument of blackmail—to the attainment of Captain Wynter's quest, I shall consider that it is my duty to surrender and cut the ground from under that villain's feet. And the one may be that other and stronger motive to induce me to do so," the girl added with a catch in her voice.

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hood should be swept away by the event they would probably have been treacherous of this thief and would-be murderer, who was so much more dangerous a lawbreaker himself.

"If they break man's laws you break God's," she went on furiously, exasperated by Reynell's quietly contemptuous smile. And she would have added more if, for the first time, Bartlett had not spoken.

"I didn't come here to go to Sunday-school," he growled. "Can't we cut all this cackle and get to work?" The interruption sobered Judy instantly. If her father and Andreas had been arrested she thought she saw swift vengeance about to swoop upon the instigator—not an adequate punishment by any means, but one which would hang all his elaborate scheming to naught. She choked her flow of vituperation, and remained silently expectant.

"Yes, old man, it would be much better," Reynell drawled in reply to his companion. "Ladies, especially young ladies, with confidence in the power of their beards, are an hard to convince that nothing is to be gained by talking. Have you got the hammer? I imagine that this will be our eldorado, according to the directions—the last cabin on the right towards the stern."

He led the way towards the tiny little cubicle such as had to suffice for first-class passengers in sailing ships in early Victorian times—the one now used by Judy as her own bedroom—the same in which Lieutenant Milroy had died fifty years ago. The girl made no further protest, but followed the two men to the doorway stood watching their operations, while Lesbia slipped into Leonard's cabin.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SCRATCHES ON THE SCREW.

Reynell looked critically round the cabin, with its traces of feminine occupation evident on every side. Judy's favourite scarlet blouse and hat with the nodding plumes were carefully bestowed on the topmost of the two sleeping berths, and other articles of her scanty wardrobe depended from pegs driven into the once valuable greenheart panels. To these the intruders gave no heed, being obviously more interested in the structure of the cabin. Their eyes ranged from the deck overhead to the deck under-foot, and thence to the sides of the restricted space.

"I don't see any bulkhead here," said Reynell, pulling the written instruction from his pocket. "Just let us have it word for word, Tiger. Now that we are on the spot we shall be able to understand it better."

Bartlett took the paper and translated slowly: "The treasure consisting of uncut precious stones will be found in the cabin in which I am now lying—the sternmost on the starboard side of the ship. When it is found, I have passed away make some pretext for changing to this cabin from your own. Then, choosing your opportunity, raise the fourth plank in the deck, counting from the vessel's side. You will have little difficulty, for it was the fact of its being uncut and loose that suggested the hiding-place, though I have since secured it with a screw. There is a space under the plank between it and a bulkhead below. In that space is the treasure."

"I see; that makes it clear enough. The bulkhead itself is below in the hold—some sort of a partition, I expect—not in the cabin itself. One, two, three, four. Here is the plank. I'll be shot if the screw isn't in it still," said Reynell. "We won't wait to uncrew it, though. Just rip the plank out with the crowbar, Tiger."

Bartlett produced the implement from an inside pocket of his overcoat, but instead of setting to work himself he handed it to Reynell.

"The honour is yours," he said curtly.

Reynell gave him a queer look and laughed a little as he took the crowbar. Judy, watching from the doorway, wondered what the intruder meant. Could it be that there was a mistrust between the two marauders, and that Bartlett was reluctant to go down on his knees with his back to his oily-tongued partner?

"Right you are, if you will be punctilious," said Reynell. "Stand by with the torch and shed a light on the subject, only don't tumble over me if the sparklers dazzle you."

"Wrench! Scrunch!" went the crowbar, and, throwing all his weight on the end of the steel bar, Reynell levered up the plank. Both heads were immediately craned to peer into the aperture beneath, Bartlett flashily that amid a strained silence, finally Reynell thrust in his hand and, rolling over on his side, felt under the deck as far as he could reach.

"There's nothing here," he said at last in a voice that sounded strangely calm. "No sparklers here, Tiger, my boy."

Bartlett made no reply, but stood up, grimly impatient, his alert eyes catching the faint end of an amused smile on Judy's face as she watched Reynell's futile gropings.

"There's nothing here," the latter repeated—"nothing except dust. But I can feel the top of the bulkhead, and it's just as rotten as tinder. In one place I think it has been repaired by a piece of new wood being nailed over what may have been a hole."

"Then the jewels must have rolled through it some time or other, and fallen into the hold," said Bartlett, keeping his ruminative gaze on Judy. Reynell withdrew his hand and raised himself to a sitting posture. Always naty in his attire, he was too busy during his sleeve to notice the subdued triumph in the face at the doorway.

"That is extremely probable," Tiger, he said, in the same tone, that he used when he was most to be reckoned with. "The old tub hasn't always been as steady as she is now, remember. In a sudden lurch the sparklers may have got chucked into the hold—through the rot-hole in the top of the bulkhead."

"In which case they would hardly be there now," said Bartlett, who, he said, when he was most to be reckoned with. "The old tub hasn't always been as steady as she is now, remember. In a sudden lurch the sparklers may have got chucked into the hold—through the rot-hole in the top of the bulkhead."

mean that he had divined from her careless speech a secret on which their lives might depend.

It was a good quarter of an hour before Reynell was heard making his way back to the foot of the rope ladder, and his face yielded no information when, a few seconds later, it appeared through the trapdoor.

"Got them?" was Bartlett's laconic question.

"Not yet," came the significant reply as Reynell sprang lightly into the cuddy with a glance at Judy that made her feel sick. "Come back to the original cable," he added.

I am like the dear member of the Scotland Yard now on a hot scent for clues. I found ever such a little one in that evil-smelling place below."

He passed into the cabin mentioned in the instructions, the one where the crowbar had wrought such havoc with the deck, and picked out the plank which he had intended to unscrew. It was the screw which, fifty years before for securing the hiding-place by the first European owner of the treasure that he turned his eager scrutiny.

"What have I done now?" demanded Judy, with sudden defiance. "What have you done now?" her former repeated mockingly. "Why, you have quite recently made some tell-tale scratches on the head of this screw, Miss Judy. You made those scratches in the course of using a screw driver, and the business end of the screw informs me that it has fulfilled its functions in the not remote past. Miss Judy, in plain language, you have foretold me not only your noble selves but Mr. Leonard Wynter as well in recovering the valuable property which by right of search, and above all by force majeure, belongs to my friend and me."

"What's the force majeure?" asked Judy, flushing to the cheeks and looking up at him with a defiant air.

"I suppose, my dear girl, that if you don't de-gorge the plunder right here and now, as our American cousins say, we will jolly soon find a way to make you. We are both perfect gentlemen, the Tiger and I, so long as ladies are nice to us, but we can be—oh, so nasty, if we are not met halfway. Now, what I have you done with the sparklers?"

The girl clung to her defences stubbornly. "Taint likely if I had found the jewels as I'd keep 'em here and stay living on this old ship when I might be having a good time in London," she persisted.

But Reynell shook his head, smiling an indulgent smile that made her tremble to fear his dapper person limb from limb. "There is no accounting for feminine vagaries," he said. "Besides, I think that I can give you a chapter and verse as to why you are not luxuriating on the proceeds of your spoils. In the first place it is because you have not been in possession long enough to make up your mind how to begin, secondly, because you have at the outset told your very parent of your find, you are now afraid to do so."

A snarl came from Bartlett. "We're waiting time over the job if you are cocksure she's got the things."

My dear old chap, you can see that I'm not a bit of a coward. I don't deny it, only I've got to be. Down in the hold, under her cabin—this very one I found that a piece of board had been recently nailed over the rotten portion of the bulkhead, doubtless to prevent the jewels rolling through after she discovered them up here. Then, when she tumbled to the fact that they were in request by others besides herself, she removed them elsewhere. That she hasn't imparted her discovery to friend Holt is evident from the fact that he started out on his ill-starred expedition to-day. A man doesn't tramp fifteen miles to earn a pound or two by peddling contraband tobacco when he's aware that there's a fortune in the family. The case against the defendant is complete, my lord. It only remains to pass sentence, and the sentence is that she immediately disclose the whereabouts of the treasure."

"And if I don't?" Judy asked, her voice a little tremulous, though her eyes were still defiant.

"In that case," replied Reynell, calmly, though he was discussing the merits of two dainty dishes, "my friend the Tiger will hold you while I cut off your hair, draw a few of your teeth in what I am afraid will be an amateurish way, and take sundry other and effective measures for rendering you such an unattractive object that your devoted Andreas will have to have a little phial of sulphuric acid here, for instance, which will work marvels on that pretty complexion of yours if applied with artistic judgment. Tiger, catch hold of her arm; she looks dangerous."

(To be Continued.)

AN ALIEN PEST.

At the Central Criminal Court, Albert Rein, 36, a hairdresser, pleaded guilty to an assault on a schoolgirl at Richmond. Prisoner pretended to accidentally run up against the girl, whom he pushed against a wall and improperly assaulted. Prisoner had been living in the neighbourhood a short time, but two days after he went there those assaults on schoolgirls commenced, and in all there had been 31 girls thus assaulted. On the day prisoner was arrested two girls were imperiously before prosecutor was assaulted. The Recorder said that he should be glad to get rid of a man like prisoner, and an order for his deportation was recommended after prisoner's sentence, which was one of six months' hard labour.

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Now what have you done with the sparklers?"

there was a subtle air of vigilance about Bartlett, which instinct told her was not wholly for herself.

"That chap down there's going to sell you; he's not playing you fair," he said suddenly, moved by an impulse for which she could not account, and for which she instantly blamed herself as she caught a glimpse of enlightenment creep into the expressionless gaze fixed upon her.

"It doesn't appear as if there was anything to play for—fair or foul," was the reply, uttered in tones of indifference, yet with a half note of interrogation which made Judy bite her lip, recognising a tactical error which, if she was not careful, might cost her all she was fighting for.

"I reckon there isn't anything, too," she said, "but if there was he'd do you safe as a church. It serves you both right to be sold over the job, and all the more because you're trying to best each other."

Bartlett uttered a laugh that told her nothing, and Judy dismissed her attention to some sound on the invaders was not a success. Either this uncommunicative giant, whose silence filled her with less fear than did the incoherent chatter of Reynell, was already suspicious of her comrades, or he had such blind faith in him that her words had fallen on deaf ears. And if her bold bid to win the "Tiger" to her side had failed she dreaded lest it had done positive mischief. That fleeting look in the inscrutable eye might

mean that he had divined from her careless speech a secret on which their lives might depend.

It was a good quarter of an hour before Reynell was heard making his way back to the foot of the rope ladder, and his face yielded no information when, a few seconds later, it appeared through the trapdoor.

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(To be Continued.)

A SERIOUS CHARGE AND AN ACQUITTAL.

At the Central Criminal Court, Agnes Swan, a fashionably-dressed woman, 26 years of age, and described as a dressmaker, surrendered to her lord and master, the Lord Chief Justice, on a charge of attempting to procure Alcock and Deeks for an unlawful purpose. —Mr. Bodkin, who prosecuted, said the girl was under 15 years of age, and her parents resided at Gray's, Essex. In July last prisoner was living in Gray's Inn-road, and the girl, who was related to her, came to stay with her, to act as domestic servant and companion. In a very short time, however, prisoner took the girl, well-dressed and with her hair hanging down her back, to various places in the West-end, with the ulterior object, it was suggested, of contaminating and running her morals. Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., who appeared for prisoner, said the defence was that the woman took the girl with her to the West-end, because the girl objected to being left at home alone, at such time when her business as dressmaker necessitated the accused going out.

FORTUNATE ESCAPE. Before any evidence was called, a lengthy argument took place between the Recorder and counsel, the former saying he did not think the case of one which came within the scope of the Act of Parliament. He was sorry to have to come to that conclusion, because he thought there had been very reprehensible behaviour on the part of prisoner, and had the girl been within a few months of the age of 16 he should have permitted the case to proceed, but seeing that the girl was 14 months younger than he thought the case was too remote for them to sustain the charge in the indictment. He must therefore direct the jury to acquit prisoner, and they would be spared a very unpleasant inquiry. —Addressing accused, his lordship said he was directing an acquittal, because in law there was not a sufficient case to convict upon, even assuming that the facts contained in counsel's opening statement for the prosecution had been proved. Prisoner was fortunate, and he strongly cautioned her to be more careful in her conduct in future when in charge of young girls. —Prisoner was then discharged.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

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CORRESPONDENCE. WORSE THAN WAR.

(Continued from Page 2.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

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ANGLING.

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LOST AND FOUND.

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OUR OMNIBUS.

COMMENTS BY NOTABLE PASSENGERS.

THE CONDUCTOR.

The architect of London's new County Hall, Mr. Ralph Knott, must look like Lord Byron when he woke up and found himself famous. Until last week he was practically unknown outside his profession. Now his name is in everybody's mouth, and his plans are a matter of interest to every Londoner. It is no small feat to have won the competition for such an important building from twenty-two rivals, and the design which is described as "brilliant" by judges so experienced as Mr. Norman Shaw, Sir Aston Webb and Mr. Rley.

A very sensible remark was made about Mr. Knott's plans during Tuesday's debate in the County Council. It was to the effect that they ought not to be "humbugged about." The architects and sculptors concerned in public edifices had before now a mortifying time of it. The unfortunate Stevens was so hedged by those in authority over the Wellington memorial that they practically shortened his days. Street was allowed anything but a free hand in building the Law Courts and the result was disappointing. Modifications in detail have, of course, to be made in every design, but as to the general scheme it is far better to leave an architect to carry out his own ideas in his own way.

One feature in Mr. Knott's plans will be welcomed by the public, namely the embankment for pedestrians running along the whole length of the building. Thus the terrace in front of St. Thomas's Hospital will receive a substantial continuation. We may hope that the embankment will eventually be continued to Waterloo Bridge. London has cause to reproach itself for the neglect of the "Surrey side," despite the fact that the irregular line of warehouses and warehouses looks picturesque at times, particularly at sunset in the summer. But the cost of embanking the whole stretch between the bridges would be enormous, and it is only right that the work should be executed piecemeal, and in connection with urgent public requirements.

By building a County Hall "over the water," the L.C.C. will put new life into a district which is easily accessible, though the inhabitants of the Middlesex side do not seem to think so. Of all the sites that have been under discussion, that facing York Road, is the most satisfactory. The Trafalgar-square area was rejected on the wise advice of Lord Rosebery, because of its prohibitive cost, and that though the proposed work would have everything their own way. The same argument applied to a site in Kingsway, while a County Hall where Adelphi-terrace now stands would have meant the destruction of one of the most handsome buildings in London. A clearance between York Road, and the river can be contemplated with equanimity.

THE ACTOR.

The most interesting and well-deserved complimentary banquet offered for long years past to any person eminent in connection with the English stage and its literature was given last Sunday night at the Savoy Hotel to Sir Wm. S. Gilbert.

The distinguished company assembled to pay respect to the King himself has been the first to recognise as our leading dramatist by conferring upon him the honour of a knight-hood, and speaks eloquently of the esteem in which their visitor is held by representatives of the aristocracy of intellect in all its luminous lines of action.

Lord Onslow, as president, in proposing the health of their guest, said: "Sir W. S. Gilbert, in the seventy-one years of his life, has contributed very nearly that number of plays, to the delight and edification of his fellow-countrymen." But numbers don't count for much. It is by quality, rather than quantity, that I prefer to estimate the dramatist's work, in my judgment, has given the stage the finest and most original play of our time in "Pygmalion" and "Patience," as well as the wonderful series of real musical comedies which entitle their author to the sobriquet earned by him as a satirical humorist of the English Aristophanes.

But a higher and more distinctive appreciation of Sir Wm. Gilbert as dramatist is unconsciously supplied in the fact that he has been inducted through his name, has supplied a new word to our language in the general description of the ironical humour invented by him as "Gilbertian."

was never personal. Yet, surely, it was most original. Nobly ever applied to it any known epithet of the English language. There was nothing but "Gilbertian." A truth the company acknowledged with laughter and cheer.

The chief and quite exceptional characteristic of Sir Wm. Gilbert's pieces written as collaborator with Sir Arthur Sullivan is that he devised and invented an absolutely new form of entertainment. Amid the multitudinous and varied productions given in all time to the theatre nothing resembling in any way the libretto of the Savoy operas was ever seen before them, or, as I believe, will be seen again after them. Lord Onslow, in his concluding remarks, admirably summarised his whole speech in saying of Sir William: "He has done more, perhaps, than any man alive to give amusement and happiness to his countrymen."

In his modest reply, the honoured guest paid a generous tribute of acknowledgment to his musical collaborator, expressed in these eloquent words: "That my share of the operas produced by Sir Wm. Gilbert is a commonplace stage criticism, and if my simple muse has succeeded in overtopping the clouds, it has been carried thither on the wings of his mighty Pegasus."

Speaking of his earliest stage production, Sir William said: "My first piece, a burlesque on the 'Elisir d'Amour,' called 'Dulcamara,' or the Little Duck and the Great Quack,' was produced at St. James's."

Regarding this production I have a tale to tell. One afternoon at the Arundel Club I was alone reading, with Tom Robertson, author of "Castles in the Air," when Gilbert came in and, addressing the sleeper, said: "Tom, wake up, I want your advice." "What about?" "Well, I've written a burlesque, and I want to show it to Miss Herbert at the St. James's. How do I better approach her, by letter or personally?" "Oh, write asking for an interview; she's sure to give it, knowing your 'Bab Ballads,' as she must, in 'Fun.' Thank you, I'll do so," said Gilbert. And the rest is history.

PIPER PAN.

So the "Ring" has been given in English at last, and the desire of Dr. Hans Richter's heart gratified, for a stranger to contemplate. The For 20 years' deftness of fingers, the exactness of eye-sight are simply surprising, and yet the wages these extremely skilled men's famous art obtain for a 10 hours' day is less than that earned by the average coal miner! Knowing something of coal mining conditions, and how little skill, generally speaking, is required in that industry in proportion to brute force, as compared with the production of Worcester vases costing £500, I could not help reflecting why this should happen.

Examining the Trade Returns referred to last week, and the list of Foreign Import duties, I came across some facts which may help to explain things. In 1907 we imported into this country £1,004,000 worth of porcelain and other earthenware, all of it coming from protected countries. We sold £2,500,000 worth to all markets. Neutral markets took £1,258,000; British Empire, £251,000; and protected markets £799,000.

As, according to one of my informants, Worcester china has a world-wide reputation, and cannot be obtained in any appreciable quantity outside Worcester, this means that foreigner tariffs do not compel the producers to sell cheaply because of competition. But if it cannot be equalled, it can be, and is copied. Those of us who have seen the show-room full of fraudulent "Worcester" ware made in Japan, France, and Germany, all of which was stamped "Worcester." The effect of this fraudulent practice and of the cheap imitations of Worcester ware is a serious crippling of the genuine article.

Glovemaking is another Worcester industry of very long standing, and one which is being so severely handicapped by the unfairness of Free Imports here and foreign tariffs in Europe and America and its practical extinction is only a matter of time. In 1907 we sold to all the world £230,000 worth of gloves, while we bought from protected countries £1,600,000 worth. Even that is not the worst of it. Of what we sold, only about £100,000 worth went to those countries who sent us 16 times that amount.

Here, as in the case of motor-cars, the result is a direct consequence of Free Imports here and high Tariffs in Protected markets. Were we to impose the same tariffs on their gloves as they impose on ours, we should keep the manufacturing of £1,500,000 worth or so give employment to 11,500 glovemakers at £55 per year. And yet Free Traders say: "Tariff Reform means less work and wages."

The Free Trade Union posters displayed in Worcester are distinctly amusing. One of them gives a list of John Bull declaring: "The food of my people must not be taxed." Well, look at this little list of food taxes given in the Statistical Abstract (C.D. 3,691) for 1906, price 1s. 7d.: Cheese, 2d. per lb.; Cocoa, 2d. per lb.; Currants, 3d. per lb.; Raisins, 6d. per lb.; Tea, 1s. 6d. per lb.; Sugar, 4d. per lb.; Coffee, 2s. 6d. per lb.; Cocoa, 2d. per lb.; not to mention tobacco, paying from 3s. to 6s. per lb., the whole exclusive of tobacco, costing £12,833,000. And yet—John Bull will not have his food taxed!

Another poster gives us a picture of a grocer's shop under Free Trade and Tariff Reform. In the "Free Trade" window butter is 1s. per lb.; cheese 6d.; bacon 7d.; the big loaf 4d.; and eggs 20 for 1s. Well, yesterday I priced these things in Worcester and found butter 1s. 3d., cheese

WILL WORKMAN.



Will all my readers please note, I am a Free Trader, and that it is their desire to have "Will Workman's" photo they must enclose four half-pence stamps, and then I shall be able to oblige them. I am, however, fully pleased with the response to my New Year's message. The League now numbers 200 members, and although it entails many hours' work per week, I am only too pleased to do it.

Another matter I always try to give my readers the opportunity of getting the best and latest information affecting Tariff Reform and Socialism by giving them the name and cost of publications concerned, but I cannot undertake to send three works to all my readers, particularly when the time for my next publication is near. Usually any publication I review can be had from any reputable bookseller, and therefore there is no need to send to me.

Another matter which I am dealing with in my personal notes, I am always pleased to receive cuttings, criticisms or comments from my readers. They never bore me, and, although I get as many as 50 letters by one post, I religiously peruse every one of them. All I want readers to understand is that I cannot send a private answer to them all, and, owing to the limited amount of my space, can only deal with those I consider most important. With these limitations, whether asking for photos, advice, or offering criticism, my motto is: "Let 'em all come!"

Those of my readers who know Worcester will not need telling what a pretty and interesting old town it is. Those who don't know it will not regret a week-end there. One of the most interesting, as well as artistic, treats in store for them is a visit to the Royal Porcelain Works, which are every day open to public inspection. From the churns of liquid clay to the finished article, represented by thimbles on the one hand and vases 3ft. high on the other, there is something to engage the attention of the least curious for a whole afternoon.

The most curious glance at these potters, painters, burnishers, etc., reveals a degree of skill marvellous for a stranger to contemplate. The deftness of fingers, the exactness of eye-sight are simply surprising, and yet the wages these extremely skilled men's famous art obtain for a 10 hours' day is less than that earned by the average coal miner! Knowing something of coal mining conditions, and how little skill, generally speaking, is required in that industry in proportion to brute force, as compared with the production of Worcester vases costing £500, I could not help reflecting why this should happen.

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3d., bacon 7d., the big loaf 5d. and eggs—well, I asked a butcher how eggs were going today. "I don't know," he said. "Oh, but," I said, pointing to the Free Trade posters, they are marked here 20 for 1s." "You're right," he said, "but their election agent, like 'Free Trade,' have been kept too long." I agreed.

OLD IZAAK.



An old fisherman, who has been fishing in the Central Association water at Pabburgh, should not be so hasty to Central ticket holders, but the privilege should be extended to members of the Anglers' Association on the day of the match. The meeting of the Serpentine was advertised by the president, and the proceedings closed with the customary vote of thanks.

A fine trout of 8lb. was taken at Hampton last week by Mr. R. B. B. and Mr. M. B. B. and Mr. C. B. B. and Mr. D. B. B. and Mr. E. B. B. and Mr. F. B. B. and Mr. G. B. B. and Mr. H. B. B. and Mr. I. B. B. and Mr. J. B. B. and Mr. K. B. B. and Mr. L. B. B. and Mr. M. B. B. and Mr. N. B. B. and Mr. O. B. B. and Mr. P. B. B. and Mr. Q. B. B. and Mr. R. B. B. and Mr. S. B. B. and Mr. T. B. B. and Mr. U. B. B. and Mr. V. B. B. and Mr. W. B. B. and Mr. X. B. B. and Mr. Y. B. B. and Mr. Z. B. B. and Mr. A. B. B. and Mr. B. B. B. and Mr. C. B. B. and Mr. D. B. B. and Mr. E. B. B. and Mr. F. B. B. and Mr. G. B. B. and Mr. H. B. B. and Mr. I. B. B. and Mr. J. B. B. and Mr. K. B. B. and Mr. L. B. B. and Mr. M. B. B. and Mr. N. B. B. and Mr. O. B. B. and Mr. P. B. B. and Mr. Q. B. B. and Mr. R. B. B. and Mr. S. B. B. and Mr. T. B. B. and Mr. U. B. B. and Mr. V. B. B. and Mr. W. B. B. and Mr. X. B. B. and Mr. Y. B. B. and Mr. Z. B. B. and Mr. A. B. B. and Mr. B. B. B. and Mr. C. B. B. and Mr. D. B. 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